

Good Morning ¹⁰³

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

A.B. Richard Boyd there— YOUR NEPHEW'S CAPTAIN OF A TRICYCLE



THERE'S a big difference between a kiddie's tricycle and a battleship, but three-year-old John Wilkinson, of the Milton Road, Grimsby, is a child with a lot of imagination. John's uncle, A.B. Richard Boyd, has to answer for many of the youngster's nautical ideas.

"They are the best pals in the world," Mrs. Wilkinson, John's mother, told "Good Morning." When his uncle's away, John perches himself on the handlebar of his tricycle and becomes a look-out man. It's a great game, in John's opinion—better even than playing with toy trains.

ARE you there, P.O. NORMAN AYRE?

We just want you to know that all's well at home and that your wife is looking forward to the time when you get home again.

She puts in a full day's work at the Consett canteen, feeding the war workers, but she still finds time to think up a few recipes for you to try out when you arrive.

"I'm planning well ahead, for the reunion," she told a "Good Morning" representative, "and I hope he likes the new dishes I am going to make when he's home again."

Making your mouth water, P.O. Ayre?

SHE is fourteen years old, and her name is Shirley. She wants to join the Wrens, and, later on, she wants to marry a sailor.

Recognise her, Submariner DAVID WARD, of Alwoodley, Leeds?

Your sister is certainly strong for the Navy!

When we saw her the other day she was just as keen for and the war to last a bit longer so that she can get into the women's branch of the Senior Service.

She sends her love, and so do all the family.

And it's a serving family, too, boys!

A son in each Service—Army, R.A.F. and Navy—and Dad in the Home Guard.

AND here's another submariner who's sure of a good feed when the boat comes home. Custard pies made by Mrs. Dulhanty, of Stafford Street, Salford, Lancs, are so good that none of the family is ever late for dinner in case there's a o. dulhanty will get one all right on the next leave—and, if you ask him, we bet he dreams of it nine nights out of ten.

Sister Edith wants you to know she's put her third stripe up. She's a full sergeant in the Girls' Training Corps, now, Od., and you'll have to watch your step when you get home.

IN the village-size capital of Anglesey—Beaumaris—three mothers of submariners often meet to exchange letters written them by their sons, P.O. George Edwards, Signaller Arthur Eardley and Ldg. Gunner Harold Richards.

Remember how you called your mother out of bed in the early hours of an October morning when you got home for twelve hours, P.O. EDWARDS? She often talks about that, and wouldn't mind if it happened again.

Introducing—

THE WORLD'S CHAMPION LIAR Baron Munchausen

Being some taller stories than
you've ever told yourself

SOME years before my beard announced approaching manhood; or, in other words, when I was neither man nor boy, but between both, I expressed in repeated conversation, a strong desire of seeing the world: from which I was discouraged by both my parents, though my father had been no inconsiderable traveller himself.

A cousin, by my mother's side, took a liking to me, often said I was a fine forward youth, and was much inclined to gratify my curiosity. His eloquence had more effect than mine, for my father consented to my accompanying him in a voyage to the island of Ceylon, where his uncle had resided as Governor for many years.

The only circumstance which happened on our voyage worth relating was the wonderful effects of a storm, which had torn up by the roots a great number of trees of enormous bulk and height, in an island where we lay at anchor to take in wood and water.

Some of these trees weighed many tons, yet they were carried by the wind so amazingly that they appeared like the feathers of small birds floating in the air, for they were at least five miles above the earth.

As soon as the storm subsided they all fell perpendicularly into their respective places, and took root again, except the largest, which happened, when it was blown into the air, to have a man and his wife, a very honest old couple, upon its branches, gathering cucumbers (in this part of the world that useful vegetable grows upon trees).

The weight of this couple, as the tree descended, overbalanced the trunk and brought it down in a horizontal position.

In about six weeks we arrived at Ceylon, where we were received with great marks of friendship and true politeness. The following singular adventure may not prove unenterprising.

After we had resided at Ceylon about a fortnight, I accompanied one of the Governor's brothers upon a shooting party. He was a strong, athletic man, and, being used to that climate, he bore the violent heat of the sun much better than I could. In our excursion he had made a considerable progress through a thick wood when I was only at the entrance.

A HORRIBLE GREAT LION.

Near the banks of a large piece of water, which had engaged my attention, I thought I heard a rustling noise behind. Turning about, I was almost petrified at the sight of a lion, which was evidently approaching with the intention of satisfying his appetite with my poor carcass, and that without asking my consent.

I had not even a moment for reflection. My piece was only charged with swan-shot, and I had no other about me. Though I could have no idea of killing such an animal with that weak kind of ammunition, yet I had some hopes of frightening him by the report, and perhaps of wounding him also.

I immediately let fly, without waiting till he was within reach. The report did but enrage him, for he now quickened his pace, and seemed to approach me full speed.

I attempted to escape, but that only added to my distress, for the moment I turned about I found a large crocodile, with his mouth extended almost ready to receive me. On my right hand was the piece of water I mentioned, and on my left a deep precipice, said to have, as I have since learned, a receptacle at the bottom for venomous creatures. In short, I gave myself up as lost, for the lion was now upon his hind legs in the act of seizing me.

I fell involuntarily to the ground with fear, and, as it afterwards appeared, he sprang over me. I lay some time in a situation which no language can describe, expecting to feel his teeth or talons in some part of me every moment.

After waiting in this prostrate situation a few seconds, I heard a violent but unusual noise, different from any sound that had ever before assailed my ears.

A MOUTHFUL.

After listening for some time I ventured to raise my head and look round, when, to my unspeakable joy, I perceived that the lion had, by the eagerness with which he sprang at



me, jumped forward as I fell, into the crocodile's mouth, which, as before observed, was wide open!

The head of one stuck in the throat of the other, and they were struggling to extricate themselves! I fortunately recollected my hunting knife which was by my side.

With this instrument I severed the lion's head at one blow, and the body fell at my feet! I then, with the butt end of my fowling-piece, rammed the head further into the throat of the crocodile, and destroyed him by suffocation, for he could neither gorge nor eject it.

Soon after I had thus gained a complete victory over my two powerful adversaries, my companion arrived in search of me: for, finding I did not follow him into the wood, he returned, apprehending I had lost my way or met with some accident. After mutual congratulations we measured the crocodile, which was forty feet in length.

As soon as we had related this extraordinary adventure to the Governor, he sent a wagon with servants, who brought home the two carcasses. The lion's skin was properly preserved, with its hair on; after which it was made into tobacco pouches, and presented by me upon our return to Holland to the burgomasters, who, in re-



turn, requested my acceptance of a thousand ducats.

The skin of the crocodile was stuffed in the usual manner, and makes a capital article in their public museum at Amsterdam, where the exhibitor relates the whole story to each spectator, with such additions as he thinks proper.

WILD EXAGGERATIONS!

Some of his variations are rather extravagant. One of them is that the lion jumped quite through the crocodile and was making his escape at the back door, when, as soon as his head appeared, Monsieur the great Baron cut it off, and three feet of the crocodile's tail with it. Nay, so little attention has this fellow to the truth that he some-

times, where I slept so soundly I did not open my eyes till full daylight.

It is not so easy to conceive my astonishment to find myself in the midst of a village, lying in a churchyard. Nor was my horse to be seen, but I heard him neigh somewhere above me. On looking upwards, I beheld him hanging by his bridle to the weathercock of a steeple.

LOW TIDE.

Matters were now very plain to me; the village had been covered with snow overnight. A sudden change of weather had taken place. I had sunk down to the churchyard whilst asleep gently, and in the same proportion as the snow had melted away; and what in the dark I had taken to be the stump of a tree appearing above the snow, to which I had tied my horse, proved to have been the weathercock of the steeple!

Without long consideration, I took one of my pistols, shot the bridle in two, brought down the horse, and proceeded on my journey.

He carried me well—advancing into the interior parts of Russia. I found travelling on horseback rather unfashionable in winter, and therefore I submitted to the custom of the country, took a single-horse sledge, and drove briskly towards St. Petersburg.

I do not exactly recollect whether it was in Eastland or Jugemanland, but I remember that in the midst of a dreary forest I spied a terrible wolf making after me, with all the speed of ravenous winter hunger. He soon overtook me. There was no possibility of escape. Mechanically, I laid myself down flat in the sledge and let my horse run for our safety.

What I wished, but hardly hoped or expected, happened immediately after. The wolf did not mind me in the least, but took a leap over me, and, falling furiously on the horse, began instantly to tear and devour the hind part of the poor animal, which ran the faster for his pain and terror.

WOLF IN HORSE SKIN.

Thus, unnoticed and safe myself, I lifted my head slyly up, and with horror I beheld that the wolf had eaten his way into the horse's body. It was not long before he had fairly forced himself into it, when I took my advantage and fell upon him with the butt end of my whip.

This unexpected attack in his rear frightened him so much that he leapt with all his might.

The horse's carcass dropped on the ground, but in his place the wolf was in the harness, and I, on my part, whipping him continually, we both arrived in full career safe to St. Petersburg, contrary to our respective expectations, and very much to the astonishment of the spectators.

Periscope Page

WANGLING WORDS 65

- 1.—Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after GIB, and make a word.
- 2.—Rearrange the letters of OY, QUART, to make a holiday resort.
- 3.—Change EAST into WEST, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration. Change in the same way: REAR into BACK, LOVE into DEAR, BUY into ASK.
- 4.—How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from CONSTANTINOPLE?

Answers to Wangling

Words—No. 64

- 1.—DEICIDE.
- 2.—NEWCASTLE.
- 3.—DOVE, LOVE, LORE, LORD, CORD, CARD, BARD, BIRD.
- 4.—FOLK, FOLD, SOLD, SOLE, SORE, LORE.
- 5.—WOOL, COOL, COOT, COAT, COST, LOST, LEST, VEST.
- 6.—PAST, LAST, LOST, LOSE, LONE, LINE, LIME, TIME.
- 7.—Sure, Bare, Mere, Rare, Same, Bale, Male, Able, Lame, Ream, Bear, Ruse, Ease, Sea, etc.
- 8.—Blame, Males, Bales, Reams, Realm, Bears, Blare, Bares, Alarm, etc.

To-day's Brains Trust

AROUND the discussion table to-day are a Doctor, a practising Psychologist, a Philosopher, and an Athlete who has several times distinguished himself in international long-distance running. The question they are to discuss is:—

What is temper, and why is it that people are often so short-tempered at breakfast-time?

Doctor: "I think many people are short-tempered at breakfast-time simply because they do not get up early enough. Nobody likes being

bustled, and those who get up so late that they have to throw on their clothes, bolt a few mouthfuls, and tear down the road to catch a train are very naturally in no mood to bandy pleasantries with other members of the household."

Philosopher: "There is no doubt some truth in that, but it is certainly not the whole of the story. I, for example, am invariably bad-tempered till I have got well through the morning, and I never have to rush through my breakfast. I take as long as I choose to dress, and though I am easily

irritated, I certainly do not feel bustled."

Doctor: "Faulty digestion, lack of adequate sleep of the right kind, too much smoking—all these things are factors which influence a man's temper."

Philosopher: "Well, I don't wish to be difficult, but I have an excellent digestion, I sleep like a top, and I don't smoke. From the moment I get up in the morning I feel fit and ready for work, and I have nothing at all on my mind but the desire to get written down the ideas which come crowding into my mind after the night's rest."

Psychologist: "And there is the reason for your bad temper. There are two mutually exclusive desires in your mind. You have a healthy appetite for break-

MARHEYO and Kory-Kory, and many of the women, followed me into the water, and I was determined, as the only mark of gratitude I could show, to give them the articles which had been brought as my ransom.

I handed the musket to Kory-Kory, in doing which he would fain have taken hold of me, threw the roll of cotton to old Marheyo, pointing as I did so to poor Fay-away, who had retired from the edge of the water, and was sitting down disconsolate on the beach, and tumbled the powder-bags out to the nearest young ladies, all of whom were vastly willing to take them.

Although it was clear that my movements had been noticed by several of the natives, still they had not suspended the conflict in which they were engaged, and it was not until the boat was above fifty yards from the shore that Mow-Mow and some six or seven other warriors rushed into the sea and hurled their javelins at us.

Some of the weapons passed quite as close to us as was desirable, but no one was wounded, and the men pulled away gallantly. But although soon out of the reach of the spears, our progress was extremely slow; it blew strong upon the shore, and the tide was against us; and I saw Karakoe, who was

steering the boat, give many a look towards a jutting point of the bay round which we had to pass.

For a minute or two after our departure, the savages, who had formed into different groups, remained perfectly motionless and silent. All at once the enraged chief showed by his gestures that he had resolved what course he would take.

Shouting loudly to his companions, and pointing with his tomahawk towards the headland, he set off at full speed in that direction, and was followed by about thirty of the natives, among whom were several of the priests, all yelling out, "Roo-ne! Roo-ne!" at the very top of their voices.

By the time we had reached the headland, the savages were spread right across our course. Our rowers got out their knives and held them ready between their teeth, and I seized the boat-hook. We were all aware that if they succeeded in intercepting us, they would practise upon us the manoeuvre which has proved so fatal to many a boat's crew in these seas.

After a few breathless moments I discerned Mow-Mow. The athletic islander, with his tomahawk between his teeth, was dashing the water before him till it foamed again. He was the nearest to us, and in another instant he would have seized one of the oars.



By HERMAN MELVILLE

shall I forget the ferocious expression of his countenance.

Only one other of the savages reached the boat. He seized the gunwale, but the knives of our rowers so mauled his wrists that he was forced to quit his hold, and the next minute we were past them all, and in safety. The strong excitement which had thus far kept me up, now left me, and I fell back fainting into the arms of Karakoe.

The circumstances connected with my most unexpected escape may be very briefly stated.

Continued on Page 3.

Even at the moment I felt horror at the act I was about to commit; but it was no time for pity or compunction, and with a true aim, and exerting all my strength, I dashed the boat-hook at him.

It struck him just below the throat, and forced him downwards. I had no time to repeat the blow, but I saw him rise to the surface in the wake of the boat, and never

ROUND THE WORLD

with our Roving Cameraman



TUG-O'-HAIR FOR A HUSBAND.

The Caribs of the Darien Isthmus are a tough lot, still as tough as when they were first discovered in the days of Raleigh. Some women in civilisation tear their hair when they get a husband. The Carib women tear each other's hair to get one. When a bachelor arrives in the district the women grab each other by the hair and begin the tug-o'-hair. The one that yells first is the loser, and the winner has the right to let the man know that she's wanting a husband for whom she will work! It is only within living memory these women gave up cannibalism, too.

fast, and an equally powerful appetite for work. You can't do both at once. You sit down to breakfast and fret to get on with your work. If you tried doing your work first you would probably be just as bad-tempered till you had had your breakfast."

Athlete: "I don't know whether there is any evidence for that, but I find the opposite true. I wake up with an appetite for breakfast, but I also desire to run three miles and have a cold bath and massage. I do my exercises first, but I do not get bad-tempered at all."

Doctor: "No, but you are a fitter man than the Philosopher."

Psychologist: "I regard the appeal to physical health far from final. Physical health undoubtedly affects the temper, but some of the sweetest-tempered people have bad digestions and ill health, while some of the fittest are morose and irritable. It goes much deeper than that."

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QUIZ for today



1. What is a zoril?
2. Who wrote (a) "The Four Men," (b) "The Five Orange Pips"?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Carmen, Aida, Rigoletto, Elijah, La Boheme?
4. What is a pepita?
5. At what height above the ground should a dartboard be set, and what is the correct distance of throw?
6. When was Jack Dempsey Heavy-weight Boxing Champion?
7. What is meant by being eupeptic?
8. What is the name of the parliament of Iceland?
9. What was the name of Tom Sawyer's bosom friend?
10. How much was a cubit?
11. When was Charles I beheaded?
12. What is apiculture?

Answers to Quiz

in No. 102

1. A variety of partridge.
2. (a) R. H. Barham, (b) Thomas Gray.
3. Dumas was a man; the others are women.
4. St. Paul's Cathedral, in the dome.
5. An ancient entrenchment between England and Wales.
6. (a) Roofs, (b) hooves, (c) shafts.
7. A word made to imitate a sound, such as "bang," "pop."
8. An arrangement of five trees, one at each corner and one in the middle, of a square.
9. Father of Thomas Hardy's Tess, in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."
10. 2,000.
11. 1833.
12. G.P.O.

ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

My first is in BIRMINGHAM, not in CHESTER.
My second's in SOUTHSEA, not in LEICESTER.
My third's not in WELSHPOOL, but is in GUILDFORD.
My fourth is in GRANTHAM, though not in ILFORD.
My fifth is in DOUGLAS, yet not in SKIPTON.
My sixth is in TUNBRIDGE WELLS and TIPTON.
My seventh's in DEWSBURY, so not in YARMOUTH.
My eighth is in BLACKBURN, not in BARMOUTH.

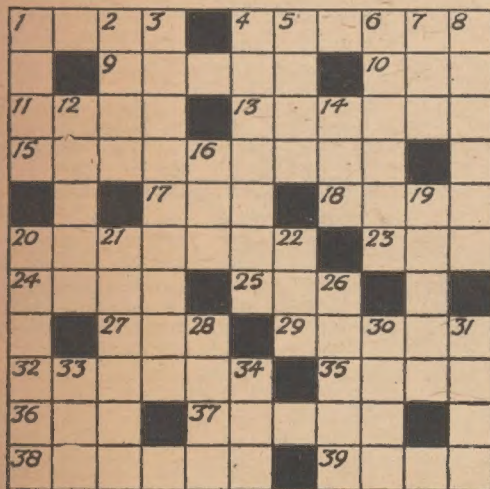
(Answers on Page 3)

"I should say that the most significant difference between the Philosopher and the Athlete is the fact—if it is a fact—that the Athlete gets up early in order to do his exercises before his breakfast is ready, whereas the Philosopher probably has a late breakfast and has to have it directly he comes downstairs, whether he has anything else to do or not."

Athlete: "I get up at half-past six, and breakfast at eight."

Continued on Page 3.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Hit with hand.
- 2 Gliding implements.
- 9 Common bird.
- 10 Due to pay.
- 11 Above.
- 13 Class of nouns.
- 15 Tyneside town.
- 17 Portion.
- 18 Excuse.
- 20 Instructed.
- 23 Measure of length.
- 24 Part of oboe.
- 25 Female animal.
- 27 Fresh.
- 29 Rustic.
- 32 Reviled.
- 35 Weary.
- 36 Preservative.
- 37 Slang.
- 38 Inflexibly severe.
- 39 Kind of knot.

Solution to Problem in No. 102.

LUG CLOTHES
OPAQUE RICH
COT TACITLY
KNEW SAPIA
E WAVER GIN
TRADE ADORE
SAY NOTED E
T PUN WELD
FINESSE TOY
LOUR ELFIN
Y TUFTY AGO

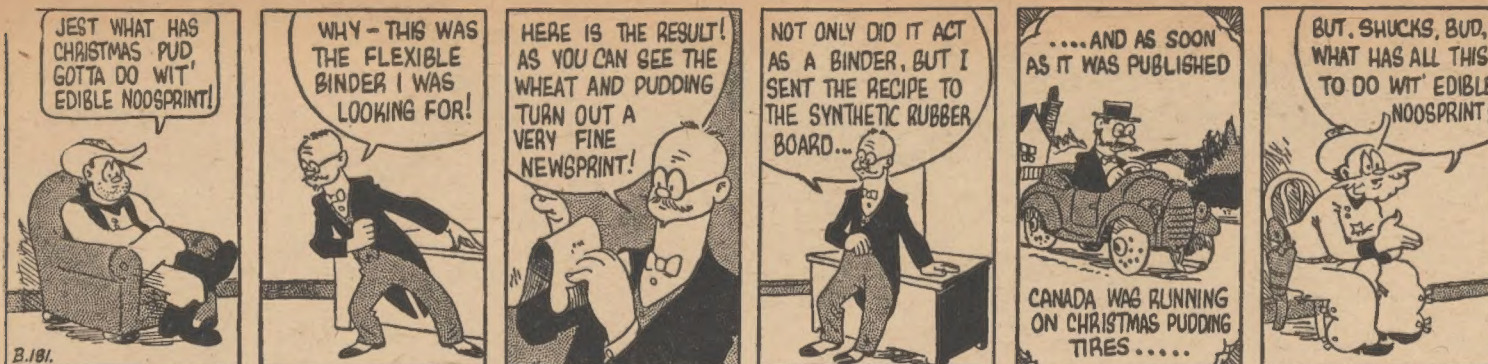
CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Item of footwear.
- 2 Chafe.
- 3 Portends.
- 4 Saw in distance.
- 5 Leg joint.
- 6 Walk as child.
- 7 Female animal.
- 8 Of a sequence.
- 12 Hazy.
- 14 Pile.
- 16 Male title.
- 19 Young eel.
- 20 Acts towards.
- 21 Holding.
- 22 Space of time.
- 26 Machine.
- 28 Welfare.
- 30 Bird of prey.
- 31 Foliage.
- 33 Flying animal.
- 34 Uninteresting.

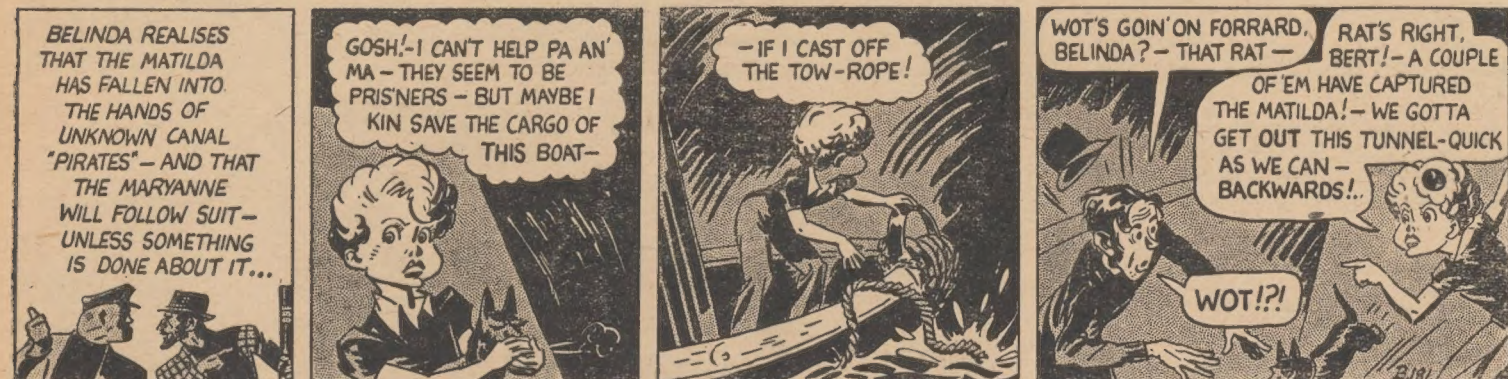
JANE



Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



Garth



SID FIELD

By RONALD RICHARDS

WHEN Sid Field hit London a couple of months ago in "Strike a New Note," he was acclaimed as the greatest discovery of the war.

To a certain degree that was correct, because he is the funniest man in town. But doesn't it go to show how parochially minded Londoners are when they talk of "that new comedian, Sid Field"?

Sid Field was born on April Fool's Day, 1904, and shortly after donning pants he embarked on his stage career. The past thirty years Sid has spent getting laughs all over Britain, and that hard graft—and it was nothing less—has left its mark, too. Off-stage he is a melancholy-looking chap with solemn eyes.

Life has been no picnic for this comic. At eight, he worshipped Charlie Chaplin, and vowed that one day he would make people laugh. He started by entertaining his friends in the streets before he was ten. As is usual, the local policeman put a stop to that. But, fortunately, a music teacher spotted the scruffy little urchin and rescued him from the arm of the law. She took him home to mother and persuaded her that, for Sidney, a stage career was clearly indicated.

He was very tiny and frail at twelve, and this got him the job of understudying Wee Georgie Wood in a pantomime. Two years later he had grown so much that he worked for the lanky comedian, Dick Tubb, in a similar capacity.

"FUNNY"—AT LAST.

This went on for over ten years, and Sid thought he would never get a real break. Then one day he became desperate, and demanded a chance to be a "funny man." He had always pulled his weight, and his manager decided he should have a chance; and it came off.

In spite of the decrease in pay he was happy, and he started on his way to London's West End. He did get there, but not then; it took another thirteen years, and he came via Australia and nearly every provincial town in these islands.

His all-round experience, his sincerity, and his natural charm, had by this time become developed and obvious. A North Country manager was quick to sign him for a long-term contract. With his typical nonchalance he signed, and regretted it. His act was obviously up to West End standard, but he was denied the pleasure of realising his life ambition because of his contract, which, although he regretted, he wouldn't break.

But that is all history. Sid is really happy now. He has made London sit up, he has the cutest kiddies anybody could have, and the people who doubted that he would ever make the grade are falling at his feet with congratulations. "All I want now," he told me, "is to make films, and make more people laugh."

Having seen Sid both in the provinces and the Prince of Wales Theatre, where he is currently playing, I say without any hesitation that Sid Field can get anywhere he wants in the laugh business; and wherever he goes he will be followed by the thousands he has made laugh.

When I left his dressing-room he called down the stairs, "Let me know if I can do anything for the boys."

I went back and suggested that a couple of jokes that made him famous might go down well. "Sure. I'll scribble a few down for you." He did, and here is one of them:—

Sid Field says—

THEN there's the Sergeant-Major who drills his men with all the big ones in front and the little ones behind. In civil life he was a greengrocer.



TYPEE

Continued from Page 2.

A whaleboat, manned by the taboored crew, pulled towards the head of the inlet, while the ship lay "off and on," awaiting its return.

The events which ensued have already been detailed, and little more remains to be related. On reaching the *Julia*, I was lifted over the side, and my strange appearance, and remarkable adventure,

occasioned the liveliest interest. Every attention was bestowed upon me that humanity could suggest; but to such a state was I reduced that three months elapsed before I recovered my health.

Toby, who had escaped previously in a whaler, had been unable to get the captain to rescue the writer. It was not until two years had passed that the two adventurers were united again.

THE END.

TO-DAY'S BRAINS TRUST

Continued from Page 2.

Philosopher: "I get up at eight, and breakfast at nine."

Psychologist: "Exactly. The chances of a conflict of desires are much greater in the case of the Philosopher. And this is the answer to the first part of the question—What is temper?"

"The experiments of Pavlov demonstrated that bad temper and irritability are

chiefly caused by the failure of the mind to cope with antagonistic impulses. In one particular experiment he trained a dog to associate the sight of a circular disc with his food, so that whenever a circular disc was shown to him the dog's mouth watered in anticipation.

"This dog was also trained to ignore an oval-shaped disc, for he was never given food

after being shown an oval or an ellipse. The experiment was then made of showing him discs which were nearly circular, less circular still, and so on, with a view to finding out what he would make of a disc mid-way between the two extreme shapes.

"What happened was that the dog lost his temper, and remained irritable for a long time after the experiment was performed. Temper is a manifestation of frustration."

Philosopher: "Of course, I

am acquainted with the experiments of Pavlov, and I therefore order my day to avoid frustration, but I am still badly tempered at breakfast-time."

Doctor: "If I had to prescribe for you, sir, I should prescribe more sleep."

Solution to United States Puzzle in No. 102.

Arizona, Indiana, Vermont, Wyoming, Oklahoma, Georgia, Montana.

Solution to Allied Ports.

MURMANSK.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

★ When Laraine Day goes boat riding, boat riding becomes popular. This young M.G.M. actress must have inspired the song "A Life on the Ocean Wave." ★

Deckorative



This England



A pre-war early morning canter on the sands at Sandown, Isle of Wight. You remember? The going was heavy, but what a pre-breakfast appetite you got.



Now is he just too tired to know what he is eating, or can't he bear the thought of it vanishing before his very eyes?



★ LET ME TELL YOU ★

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Anything you say seems fishy to me."

